

[For the Benefit of Prisoners Confined for Small Debts.]

LETTERS

TO

AN OFFICER,

Stationed at an Interior Post

IN

NORTH AMERICA

INCLUDING

MANY INTERESTING EVENTS.

LONDON

Published by SAMUEL LEACROFT, Charing-Cross.

MDCCLXXIII.

[The Book of the British Museum]

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MDCCLXXXIII.

T O

The Hon. Mrs. GRANT, of *Blairfindy*,

A L A D Y

Distinguished by every delicate Accomplishment,

But more particularly by her Humanity;

The following Sheets are Addressed,

As a Token of Respect and Gratitude,

B Y

Her most obliged,

obedient and

humble Servant,

LONDON, 1773.

* * *

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following letters being genuine, and appearing to the editor to be full of interesting events; he has therefore determined to submit them to the judgment of the public. Should he be mistaken in his opinion, in this respect, he is however certain, that even an attempt to give pleasure will meet the candour and forgiveness of a people whose characteristic it is to bestow the utmost encouragement on every work presented them, either for their amusement or for their instruction. But even if the following pages should prove too dull, or too frigid, to produce either; yet is he certain of receiving the thanks of the generous and humane, by affording them an opportunity of contributing towards the relief of that most miserable part of the creation,

ADVERTISEMENT.

tion, *objects confined for small debts.* A benevolent society meeting at the Thatched-House Tavern, are exerting their endeavours to reduce the number. —If any profit may arise from the sale of this work, that society are requested by the Editor to apply it agreeable to their general plan.



LET-

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.



THE whole business of life centers in the search of happiness. Influenced by education, we all pursue the road that our prejudiced imagination strikes out; but however contrary we may seem to steer our course, still we keep the same point in view, and never once consider the thousand impediments which lie interspersed betwixt the summit and the goal from
B which

which we have started to attain its height. Those who have approached the nearest to the pinnacle of their hopes, must own the chace to have been something like that of their own shadow. This, however, is not a real evil. Our labour is far from being entirely thrown away. Pursuit is so much the soul of man, that to the enjoyment of it, even possession is languid. Hence it is we find an allay in every gratification, and are perpetually hurrying from one occupation to another, eternally changing, yet eternally disappointed. At length, tired with the fruitless search, we discover, that perfect happiness is not within the reach of mortals.

I am led into these reflections; my dear friend, from possessing, without being yet satisfied, the only thing on earth

earth that I once supposed could yield me happiness : that is, my sovereign's permission to revisit Old England. I have been years endeavouring the completion of this object. I was urged to persevere, from the hopes of indulging a warm heart in the enjoyment of those fond scenes, when long separated friends and relations should meet in rapture, and nature start into the twinkling eye : But time, I find, has robbed me of such tender connections ; and it is therefore with a kind of regret that I accept this favour I had so long and so strenuously solicited. Yes ! To see my native country is now my sole inducement to make the voyage. Yet I do not find the *amor patriæ* so violent as to exclude certain desires of stopping short and returning, notwithstanding

I am so far advanced in my journey. Is this owing to the fickleness of our nature; or has the loss of friends and relations, and the length of absence, combined to lessen at once the number of those dear objects which formerly attracted me, and blunted the keenness of recollection with which I used to survey them? or, has it spread the veil of darkness and oblivion over those ideas which heretofore dwelt on the sports of juvenile attachments? As the mind has strengthened with the body, are all little trivial pursuits superseded by the capacity of receiving other impressions, and indulging other passions; the soul expanding herself to schemes of fortune and ambition, and filling with the various great objects of nature in this new world, this grand theatre of the immensity

mensity of her God? Whatever may
 be the cause of this alteration, with
 regret, I must own, I quit the vast
 extended woods, the sea-like rivers,
 and the cloud-kissing hills. Above
 all, from its native inhabitants too,
 unwillingly I separate myself; these
 happy people, unacquainted with vice,
 and therefore strangers to the perturba-
 tions of instructed life: innocent state!
 in which, envy and detraction are yet
 unknown. You, my dear friend, are
 ignorant of the virtues of these peo-
 ple: treat them with gentleness, and
 cherish their friendship: You then
 will not consider the time allotted for
 your stay amongst them as a cruel
 banishment: they will instruct you;
 but, indeed, they will at the same time
 make you less fit to return to the
 commerce of those of your own com-

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plexion. The packet is in readiness to sail to-morrow, if the wind permits.

New-York,
Feb. 12, 1765.

ADIEU.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.

A Fair wind invites us on board. I am just going to expose myself to the rage of old ocean, the furious northern blasts, and to measure the untraceable path that is to divide me from scenes I shall ever recollect with pleasure. Adieu, my dearest friend. May you approach as near to happiness as I did, when I inhabited the building now allotted to you! Be kind and gentle to those whom necessity has made your companions: then the sole want that you will have to struggle with, will be

(8)

that of society. This your philosophy must supply. Once more, adieu ! I will not omit writing to you on my arrival in England.

FAREWELL.

New-York,
Jan. 17, 1765

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.

THE gentle winds, Syren-like, tempted us on board, as though it was for our destruction. The anchor weighed, the sails unfurled, a few hours carried us clear off the hook: a violent tempest then arose, which forced us to the southward. Forty-eight hours we struggled with the raging sea, to clear the land; but all our endeavours proved ineffectual. After having our boat, and every atom washed off the decks, our vessel was forced ashore. It must have been the interposition of something

thing more than mere chance, that could conduct us through such a storm, save us from foundering in the ocean, and preserve the whole company (upwards of twenty) from perishing when the vessel struck.—To describe my own sensations in those hours of trial, is beyond the power of words; to give an adequate idea of the distress of my fellow passengers, is equally impossible.—Your own imagination therefore, if I attempt to draw a picture, must supply the unavoidable deficiency in the colouring.

Mr. and Mrs. Fielding were my fellow cabin-passengers. We were exulting at the pleasant commencement of our voyage, when the Captain told us he was apprehensive of foul weather, and that he feared there
would

would be a great deal of wind from whence it was not very usual for it to blow at this season of the year. He then immediately gave orders to the boys to secure and lash every thing in the cabin, to get the dead-lights fixed, and to batten down the hatchways. The nature of these commands, which were obeyed as soon as given : we little understood, confiding in the skill of our captain, and his assurances of our being on board a stout vessel, I did not much dread the sea ; for I had never seen its horrors. The Captain's orders were scarcely executed, when his prediction began to be verified. The wind arose, accompanied with such a heavy snow, and intense cold, that it was impossible to handle the running rigging, whose bulk increased as the snow fell, till a rope, originally

nally no bigger than my finger, became gradually as thick as my thigh ; the waves swelled into mountains, and the motion of the vessel became thereby so violent, that our beds were the only places in which we could avoid the danger of being dashed to pieces. For my own part, after reaching mine with great difficulty, I laid down as well as I could, and addressed myself to sleep. Mr. Fielding was assiduously employed in assisting his wife, whose extreme sickness destroyed in her all apprehension ; she did not discover the least sign of fear. The sudden jerks which succeeded each other almost every minute, and the unusual noise above our heads, still kept us awake ; and besides, gave room for such reflections as may be supposed to arise from the presence of uncertain danger. Day-light now returned

turned, and the Captain entering the cabin, we hastily asked how the weather was? He answered, that it blew exceeding hard, and that the sea ran very high: we then, altogether, asked him, if there was any danger? He replied, he hoped not. My passage from England to America was with a gentle breeze and smooth water: the roughest waves I had seen were on the lakes: my curiosity therefore urged me to get on deck, at all events, to contemplate the troubled waters of the ocean. With assistance, I got far enough to see the foaming waves many yards above my head. I now supposed we were on the point of being swallowed up. A sight so new, and so full of terror, struck me with the utmost astonishment, and, I believe, for a time deprived me of reason. This was a danger to which I had not been accustomed.

tomed. It was with great difficulty I was gotten back and put on my bed.—The only request I then made, was for a pistol. Instant death seemed preferable to the impending scene. This state of distraction was augmented by the increase of the danger. The tempest now began to baffle the endeavours of skill; and a lee-shore presented itself with all its accumulated horrors. The vessel struck; the waves washed over it, and every moment we expected would be our last. The anguish of remorse, and fervency of repentance, created by the near approach of death, produced in almost every one a kind of transient madness. Strange as it may seem, its effect on me was to beget a composed recollection; and I suddenly found myself able to administer relief to those from whom, in a less awful situation,

situation, and so short a time before, I had received it. Mr. Fielding behaved with all the steadiness of a philosopher. His wife, almost dead with sickness, still continued insensible to danger. He shewed the greatest tenderness for her ; yet, with the composure of a Stoic, he saw death advancing ; but he continued unmoved.—The Captain beheld our situation with the fortitude of a Christian, and the resolution of a man. He endeavoured to prevail on his crew to exert themselves in some attempt to save their lives. The violence of the first shock which the vessel received, had unsteepped her foremast : to secure that was necessary. The hull, however, was not injured : no water yet entered the vessel. Fortunately for us, she proved, indeed, as the Captain had said, a stout one ; otherwise she must have been beaten to

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The men began to work :—to be drowned was the alternative. The wind shifted to the contrary point, as it were to favour their endeavours, and blew from off the shore, from which we happily lay but about a quarter of a mile. This sudden change in the element, upon which our fate chiefly depended, abated the swell of the sea. Had the waves spared our boat, it might now have been used to good purpose, though we believed ourselves upon an uninhabited part of the coast.

Hitherto the vessel had kept nearly upright ; but the sea having ebbed, she suddenly heeled to one side. This threatened instant destruction ; for she began to fill. Those who were most active got upon the rigging and the tops ; it became impossible to remain

to remain below. With the humane assistance of the Captain, and my poor aid, Mr. Fielding got his wife on the main top, together with a maid servant. Even the sailors, on this occasion, neglected their own safety, and contributed their endeavours to second the attention of Mr. Fielding. The sea at length became calm, and the weather clear: though we so far escaped the water, another danger presented itself, which was, no less than that of perishing by the cold. Some blankets and other bedding which chance had preserved dry, were disposed as well as possible to shield Mrs. Fielding from the inclement air. By this time day-light began to close, and all our hopes centered in providence for relief. Other vessels we had no reason to expect any assistance from, nor did we know precisely

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where

where we were to look for it from land. In this dreadful situation we were to pass the night. Happily the moon was at her full; and this circumstance could not but in some measure abate our distress, as it enabled us to see our danger. There was now scarcely a breath of wind to be felt; the sea was smooth as glass; but the cold was intense. Those who were most exposed had their extremities frozen. The long wished-for morning now came, but it brought no appearance of relief. At length, however, we discovered a smook, and, at the distance of a league, something like a point, behind which there appeared to be a bay. We had no spars left to make a raft to supply the place of our boat; every thing that could contribute to that purpose had been washed over board. In this dilemma,

lemma, Mr. Fielding proposed lashing two hogsheads together, and endeavour by their assistance to gain the shore. In case no boat was to be procured, the beach afforded timber proper for a raft. This was the only means that occurred to him of effecting our deliverance. Mr. Fielding then engaged two of the seamen to accompany him. The conveyance being ready, they boldly embarked on it, and soon after we had the inexpressible pleasure to see them safe on shore. The success of this experiment induced the remainder of the seamen to repeat it. The Captain, Mrs. Fielding, her servant, myself, and two passengers, were now the only persons on board. The Captain made no doubt of Mr. Fielding's procuring a boat, or at least a raft, which would be less dangerous than the hogs-

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heads ;

heads ; and as the weather was serene, though cold, and there was no immediate appearance of any increase of danger, we thought proper to wait for one or the other. About noon, we were overjoyed with the sight of a small boat, just doubling the point, and seeming to steer directly to us : we were not disappointed, for in an hour it was along side, with Mr. Fielding on board. We immediately quitted the ship, and soon arrived at the hospitable hut of a fisherman, from whose chimney we had seen the smoke. Never were people more assiduous in endeavouring to procure what was necessary for Mrs. Fielding, than the humble tenants of this poor cottage. If it was small, it was very neat. A bed was prepared for Mrs. Fielding, and then some broth made for her, by Mr. Fielding himself. She now composed herself,

herself, and slept two or three hours; then partook of Mr. Fielding's cookery, and in the afternoon she rose quite refreshed. For our parts, we made ourselves good beds of straw, which proved equally comfortable to us. On enquiry, we found ourselves about fifteen miles from a place which could accomodate us with a conveniency to take us to New-York. A messenger was therefore dispatched for it. In the mean time, the Captain, too anxious about his vessel to think of rest, went to his people, to engage them to assist him in his endeavours to recover her; and our host had three or four neighbours, whose chief happiness at present seemed to be in seconding him. He found that every thing belonging to us was under water; but if the weather should continue as it was,

he had hopes that, with the humane assistance of our host and his neighbours, the vessel might be got off. Our hostess had found means to provide us with a decent supper, which we eat with much appetite, and then retired to our straw. The carriage we had sent for, arriving the next morning, we satisfied our benefactors and set out for New-York.

Some ideas that have occurred to me in consequence of this voyage, I will communicate to you in my next.

ADIEU.

New-York,
Feb. 20, 1765.

LETTER

L E T T E R. IV.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.

I Have often thought, that those who first tempted the fury of the ocean, were possessed of the most elevated courage: for what can be more awful than the tempestuous agitation of the sea! But on looking more deeply into the matter, I think I am justified in altering my opinion, and have reason to consider it as a thing not altogether so extraordinary. An inordinate thirst for knowledge, or even the simple desire of gratifying our curiosity, will greatly abate the appearance of danger; and the prospect of gain will tempt a man to brave it: I consider the first adventurers on the water

like so many young birds learning to fly: fearful at first, they feebly flutter on their timid pinions, till repeated trials have convinced them that the air is their element: so doubtless it was, with those who first ventured on the bosom of the deep, till observation wore off the face of horror; and so it is in almost any new undertaking, where there is any appearance of danger. I have seen the files on each side of me mowed down; I have seen death on shore in almost every shape: this I endured with a proper firmness. But when I beheld the agitated ocean, a sight so new, and so much beyond my conception of what it could be, deprived me in some degree, I must own, of my reason. A grenadier who would storm a breach with calmness, might tremble to ascend a scaffold which the labourer mounts with a thoughtless whistle.

whistle. A collier who all his life has dwelt many fathom beneath the surface of the earth, would tremble to take the post of a boy, who, exultingly hallos from the top of the chimney he has swept. And perhaps it would be impossible to force the labourer to mount the breach with a grenadier; and the chimney-sweeper would give himself up for lost, were he to descend into the bowels of the earth with the collier. The idea of danger arises from our being unaccustomed to the sight of particular objects which occasionally excite it. When we are once familiarized with them, they are beheld with indifference. Thus far for myself: but to describe to you the silent and affectionate assiduity of Mr. Fielding, requires the pen of a person different from one nursed up in blood, and whose soul, not properly harmonized

by society, is incapable of feeling the nice sensations resulting from such tender attachments. What exquisite distress! to behold the object, on the motion of whose pulse depends by sympathy one's own, sickening as it were to death, without the power of giving her any material relief. To behold the eye that sparkled with joy, now grown languid, the bloom fled from the cheeks of beauty, and the tongue now mute, whose soft melody thrilled through every recess of the heart, when it spoke of love; or, as the vehicle of wisdom, to convey instruction by it's harmonious accents, fixed the attention of the most insensible. To see that lovely frame, the seat of ease and elegance, now deprived of motion, and its every power to please entirely suspended. It must be an excess of misery not to be described;

scribed;—at least not by me. You, whose sentiments are refined by education and society, picture this to yourself, and then tell me your feelings—But, oh my friend! actually to behold with the eye of love such an object in such a situation, an object united by the sacred conjugal band, surrounded with the horrors of death, and every moment expecting a final dissolution, and perhaps an eternal separation;—to go we know not where—could your reason have stood the shock?—Mr. Fielding was resigned and composed: but now and then, with uplifted eyes, he seemed to invoke the interposition of heaven.—Heaven surely heard him, gave him fortitude to endure misery; and made him the instrument of saving a life so precious to him.—

When providence had relieved them
from

from the dangers with which they were surrounded, and conducted them on shore ; who then could picture their transports, truly ineffable *but by the genuine voice of murmuring joy !*—He led her to the hut, where she related, with a grace peculiar to herself, the miracle of her escape. What eloquence then dwelt on her lips, whilst love sat smiling on her countenance ! There never was scarcely a more interesting scene. Her unfeigned devotion for her deliverance, and gratitude to her deliverer, must have awakened in you such reflections as are surely infinitely pleasing—the enjoyment of which I will not interrupt.—Oh were it my lot to meet with such a divinity !—but, Heaven make you happy !
 ADIEU.

New-York,
March 10, 1765.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.

A Continuance of moderate weather, and smooth water, have crowned the endeavours of our late Captain with success. He has found means to float his vessel up to this place, to be repaired; and here I propose remaining till the return of a season more auspicious to voyagers.

In some former excursions to this place, during the intervals of duty in the field, I experienced the genuine hospitality of its inhabitants. Yet there is one inconvenience attending
strangers

strangers who happen to be the objects of this virtue in the New-Yorkers; that of being under a kind of necessity of drinking more Madeira, than may, perhaps, agree with their constitution. The men are open and generous, the women are handsome and innocent; their manners are governed by a natural simplicity, that captivates the heart, before an acquaintance can well be formed with them. Their public meetings are conducted with the utmost decorum, and their private entertainments with the greatest splendour. Since their intercourse with the troops, their minds are much improved; but it must be confessed, that this is owing more to their own industry, than to the abilities of the officers. Yet even in this respect, the troops have a negative merit; as it was their encouragement brought hither
that

that jocosè retailer of literary amusement and instruction, *James Rivington*, whose conduct on several occasions has deserved the gratitude of many officers. Although he well knew how to take advantage of the follies of the world, by the importation of several articles that only served for shew, yet he did not neglect such books as were most likely to improve the understanding; and I believe it may be said, that he had the best collection that ever graced the continent, or ever may, at least for some centuries.

As the men here, are, in general, engaged in trade, their mornings are wholly taken up in commercial affairs, whilst the women bestow the same portion of the day, on the domestic œconomy of their families. The afternoon is spent in such amusements

as serve to embellish social life.—I who love to abstract myself from the busy world, with pleasure enter into their parties, in which, conversation affords the greatest satisfaction : cards are admitted, but then a man is not here considered as a savage if he does not play. With these agreeable people I shall remain a few months, and I have formed a kind of intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, that will add to my happiness. There is a little anecdote they have made me acquainted with, which I think very singular. Mrs. Fielding was the daughter of a Colonel : Mr. Fielding, being then an Ensign, became enamoured with her elegance and beauty, and having received a favourable return, he endeavoured to gain the father's consent to make them happy. In his endeavours he was unsuccessful, nay,
was

was refused with all the insolence, which is but too often the attendant of pride, supported by superior rank. The regiment which was then stationed at Minorca, being ordered to England, a storm separated from the convoy the vessel, in which were the father and daughter, and Mr. Fielding: she was soon after taken by an Algerine Corsair. The personal charms of the young lady attracted the notice of the Mahometan Captain, who considered his fortune as made, by having so lovely a form to present to the Dey. Full of this idea, he shewed more than ordinary respect to her, and to those to whom she seemed attached. When landed, they were all, according to the custom of the country, made slaves: and the Captain prepared to conduct his fair captive to the feet of his sovereign. The sole means that now pre-

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sented

sented itself to save her, was, that Mr. Fielding should claim her as his wife. The father did not want much soliciting to agree to it; though even in this situation it was with reluctance his pride parted with her to Mr. Fielding. When the Mussulman came to take her away, the claim was made: then all his hopes of fortune were instantly blasted; for it is against the law of Mahomet to force a married woman into the Seraglio. His former kindness now turned to rage; and he inflicted on his prisoners all the wretchedness of slavery. Happily for them, their ransom was settled by the interposition of a French Merchant; and being paid in a few weeks, they were permitted to embark for England.

To expose this singular woman to danger, and then relieve her, fortune seems

seems to have exerted all her caprice.
But it may teach mankind this useful
lesson, that to whatever misery they
may be reduced, they still should
hope.

ADIEU.

New-York,
March 24, 1765.

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LETTER

L E T T E R VI.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.

THE hospitality and politeness of these people have seemingly added wings to time. Rough Boreas has retired, and the gentle Zephyrs have taken his place. Once more, therefore, I shall tempt my fate on the ocean. Our vessel is ready, and we only wait for a fair wind. The civility of these New-Yorkers will be ever in my remembrance. May they continue to live in their present friendly intercourse amongst themselves; and may their industry be rewarded for the elegant ease, with which they permit
the

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the stranger to partake of the fruits
of their honest labour!

ADIEU!

*New-York, |
April 5, 1765.*

D₃ LETTER

LETTER VII.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.

ADIEU.

I Have only time enough to tell you by the packet, which is just failing, that a fair wind has brought me in thirty one days to Falmouth. It was impossible to have a more agreeable passage. I shall remain here one day, and then for London.

ADIEU.

Falmouth,
May 15, 1765:

LETTER

L E T T E R VIII.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.

'TIS England that appears to me the new world. I was so young when I left it, and have been so long absent from it, that my recollection is too feeble to draw the smallest trace of what it was.—I was perfectly delighted with my journey up to this capital. How a man enjoys the luxury of travelling in this rich, well cultivated, and profusely variegated country, after traversing for so many weary leagues, an uninhabited wilderness, in which the sight is generally bounded every ten yards. The whole land smiles plenty and contentment, and health seems to reside in every vil-

lage. But what shall I say of London? The immense number of it's streets astonished me, as much as the boundless extent of the woods in America had done on my first arrival there. B— undertook to shew me the town. You cannot conceive my ignorance. Having never been here before, and being always whilst in England used to live in a country town; as B—— had been in London, I foolishly supposed he knew every body, and who was the inhabitant of every house. I had seldom seen Dukes or Lords: superior dress was the only idea I entertained of the apparent distinction between them and the rest of the world. It was therefore no small disappointment to me, when I expected to find a Lord in the wearer of a rich laced coat, to be told that he was only a clerk of fifty pounds a year in some of the public offices.

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The shame of being thus mistaken made me less troublesome to my conductor: it soon put an effectual stop to my enquiries. I have so much of the milk of human kindness about me, that I cannot avoid commiserating the distress of my fellow creatures. I never had seen before, as I thought, such objects as now every moment presented themselves; and I never gave any of these mendicants less than sixpence, for which, as an act of charity, I was often reprimanded by my guide.—But I could not resist the natural impulse of my feelings to alleviate misery wherever I could find it, till at length I began to be convinced that my liberality was thrown away. Having one day given sixpence to a person I thought deeply wanted it, another immediately took his place, when, having no more silver,

silver, I begged him, whom I had relieved, to divide his sixpence with the other, telling him I would the next day give him another. But he did not chuse to trust my word, and the other very strenuously insisted on his complying with my request: the consequence at length was a battle; and these emaciated wretches, as they appeared to me, fought like two lions, making use of such horrid execrations and blasphemies, that I retired, convinced of the justness of my conductor's advice. In a populous town like this, the eye is always encountering some object that seems intitled to our pity. Were we on these occasions to exercise our judgment in administering relief, we should perhaps err more in the end, than by indulging our heart in an indiscriminate bounty. It is better to give to the worthless than not relieve
the

the really deserving.—I have met a vast number of our old companions here, with some of our friends; among them our old school-fellow, *Captain Phillips*, whose adventures have been so singular, that I shall transcribe a little history which he gave me of himself. I am sure it will amuse, if it does not instruct you.

ADIEU.

London,
June 17, 1765.

MEMOIRS

M E M O I R S

O F

CAPT. *CHARLES PHILIPS.*

WHEN we separated to join our respective regiments, I found it necessary before I embarked to make a visit to a friend of my late father, who was charged with the care of my affairs till I came of age. Here I saw a lady, whom I shall hereafter distinguish by the name of Amelia. She was independent of the world by the possession of a large fortune: she wanted neither beauty nor elegance of person;

person; but she had passions that would outstrip the wind. I was then a stranger to excess of any kind; youth bloomed on my countenance, which, with my form, attracted her particular attention. Ignorant of the language of love, I knew not how to interpret the many glances and tender expressions which came from Amelia; 'till one delightful evening, in the month of May, when the soul of love seemed to hover in the serenity of the air, she, in an alcove, dedicated to Venus, fully instructed me in the rites of that bewitching goddess. Six weeks I spent in pleasures heretofore unknown. I was then obliged to change the voluptuous enjoyments of love, to encounter the accidents of war; and found myself as unhappy at parting with Amelia, as Telemachus was when he was forced from his Eucharis.

I believe, however, that Amelia endured even stronger perturbations of mind than I did. She endeavoured to prevail on me to renounce the sword, and obliquely hinted at marriage. I was too full of ardour in my new profession, to entertain the most distant thought of resigning my commission.—*I was for plucking bright honour from the pale-faced moon.* The idea of glory, and the hopes of a regiment, engrossed all the powers of my soul. In short, I embarked, and joined my regiment the day before the glorious 1st of August, 1759. In the action of that day I received a musket shot, which, penetrating through my body, laid me amongst the slain, with all the appearance of being dead. When the hurry of the battle was over, and conquest had crowned the great abilities of the Duke, a soldier of the company
to

to which I belonged, discovering me on the field, with some little signs of life, immediately exerted himself to procure me the assistance of a surgeon, who conveyed me to a house in the town of Minden, tolerably well provided with every thing requisite for one in my condition. He then examined my wound with attention, and having conceived some faint hopes that it was possible for me to recover, my faithful soldier, anxiously seconded his endeavours for that purpose, by the most constant and affectionate attendance.

There are abroad a sort of *religieuses*, who dedicate themselves to the service of the sick, and with that view attend the hospitals. The second day after my being removed to Minden, one of them came to minister to me.

I

Reyly,

Reyly, for that was my kind soldier's name, introduced this charitable woman. When she told me her errand, it was with inexpressible pain I could exert myself to thank her for her goodness: when Reyly came to know the purport of her visit, the poor fellow was like one frantic with joy; but it was a little damped by his considering that she was a French woman, and a papist; for he thence concluded, that her disinterested professions were only a cloak to some sinister designs, and that her real intentions were to poison his master, because he was an heretick. He revealed to me his fears, and it was with great difficulty I could prevail on him to believe there was no foundation for them. Being of an extreme good habit of body, I was soon pronounced out of danger. I could now sit up a little.—When I
 had

had collected strength enough to bear the light, I discovered in the person of my nurse, one of the most lovely women, I think, I ever beheld: a face the most beautiful, and a form the most delicate, joined to a certain easiness of behaviour, and an apparent sympathy in the misfortune which had happened, together with her assiduity, created in me, I must own, other feelings than those which usually arise from simple gratitude. Accordingly, I was never happy but when she was either conversing with me, or reading to me. From some distant hopes she had conceived of converting me, she always chose religion for her subject. Never had man so fair an instructress, nor was ever any man so inattentive to instruction. While she was descanting on the merits of the Blessed Virgin, I was paying my adoration

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ration at the shrine of Venus. My fair tutoress would gently chide me for my want of faith.—I promised my endeavours to believe.—In proportion as I grew better, my desire of continuing *Maria* with me increased. On requesting my permission to retire, I prevailed on her to stay a few days longer, and even feigned myself ill, to engage her attendance. At times, I thought I could perceive, that she had caught the flame which she had kindled in my bosom. A certain irresolution which her conduct discovered, was, to my willing mind, proof as strong as holy writ.—Hitherto, I had concealed my passion—an opportunity now offered to reveal it—I did—and in such terms as seemed to affect her very sensibly.—Bathed in tears, she replied, with all the tenderness of sympathetick love.—She be-

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secched me to consider her future happiness, and begged I would permit her to depart immediately; adding, that, if she staid longer, she should want a sufficient share of resolution, to avoid misery.—It is in vain, said she, to endeavour to conceal, what, in despite of me, almost every action discovers.—Gratitude, sir, is the noblest virtue of the soul!—Do not, instead of the return which my services merit, reward your benefactress with ruin, with infamy.—I will pray for your preservation and future happiness, but must endeavour to regain that peace of mind which I at present want.

—She was going.—Stop, *Maria*, it is not possible.—I seized her hand, and pressed it to my lips.—Gratitude, said I, is too poor a return for all your tender and assiduous cares; a nobler passion shall requite your services—

nd that life which has been preserved by your charity, shall be devoted to your protection.—Accept, *Maria*, continued I, accept the sincerest professions which man ever uttered; and trust, as I swear by the eternal disposer of every event, that I will never abandon, nor neglect you. These words were uttered with such fervency, as made a deep impression on her.—The advantage I had gained was pursued—she yielded to my wishes.—

I now obtained permission to return to England, but was greatly embarrassed in determining how to dispose of *Maria*. My fondness would not permit me to think of leaving her behind, and I had strong apprehensions that she would not like the journey. Before I ventured seriously to propose it to her, I asked her, with some appearance

ance of indifference, how she would approve a little trip to England? “*Ab, mon Dieu! said she, C’est mon país; Je suis Angloise.*” Of this I had not till now the least idea; for *Maria* spoke not a word of English.—In short, she made no objection to accompany me wherever I chose to take her.

As, till now, I had never entertained the most distant thought of *Maria’s* being any other than a French-woman, I never made any enquiry about her connections; but on being informed that she was my country-woman, I could not restrain my curiosity from asking her more particularly concerning her situation. She immediately gratified my wishes.”—My father and mother, said she, were English; they settled at Saint Omer’s, to enjoy

without restraint, the free exercise of their religion. I was yet an infant, when I was deprived of their parental care by the small pox. In one day they both died; in one grave they were buried.—From my earliest remembrance I have been in the house of *la Charité*, where I received the little education I can boast of, and having attained the necessary age, I was admitted into the sisterhood. Obedience to our vow compels us to attend on the hospitals. I was, by accident, in that of the French, on the so fatal day to them, the first of August, and was taken prisoner by an Hanoverian foldier, who treated me with the utmost humanity. But hearing of your situation, and that you were an Englishman, in order to secure protection to myself, I forced on you the duties of my office—though I
 thought

thought proper to conceal from you my country, I was sanguine in my hopes of being able to convert you, whilst you were in so weak a situation, to the principles of the true faith.— I flattered myself that you listened to me with attention; little dreaming from whence it sprang, or that I should fall a victim to my own endeavours.— You have gained the heart of *Maria* : if you knew it better, you would think it worth preserving :—It is devoted to your service.—If you cherish it, you will find it faithful :—If you slight it, it will not be long able to survive neglect.”—

This short reply was delivered with such genuine simplicity, that it drew from me the strongest profession of the most ardent love.—We soon embarked for England, where we ar-

rived without any accident.—After living some weeks in London, in an uninterrupted state of felicity, *Amelia* heard of my residence; nor was she uninformed of my present connection.—The idea of neglect stung her to the soul.—Discretion was lost in the hurry of her passions.—She came to my house—I was from home—she desired to see *Maria*—she was admitted.—Ignorant of each other's language, they could not exchange their thoughts otherwise than by their looks, which was too little for *Amelia*, who, o'erleaping all bounds of delicacy and decency, and totally forgetting herself and her sex, assaulted *Maria* in such a manner, that, had it not been for the interposition of the servants, the meeting might have proved fatal to her. *Amelia* then left the house; but not without solemnly denouncing vengeance

geance against me. On my return, I found *Maria* in great disorder from this extraordinary visit, and the servants in the utmost confusion.—Well acquainted as I was with the violence of *Amelia's* disposition, I could not help being greatly alarmed at this event, and whilst I was ruminating in what manner to conduct myself on the occasion, I received the following note:

“ Can you, Mr. *Philips*, forget
 “ those delightful moments which are
 “ so lately fled? Made they an impres-
 “ sion so slight, as to be destroyed by
 “ the first gust of desire? Faithless
 “ man!—You have driven me to dis-
 “ traction; you have made me for-
 “ get myself—my sex! Were I cool
 “ enough to reflect, I should blush at
 “ the injurious treatment I offered to
 “ the

“ the undesigning cause of my misery ;
 “ —but she is my rival ;—she has
 “ alienated from me your affections ;
 “ and I must be—Yet, if the least
 “ spark of pity dwells in your bosom,
 “ let me see you.—I will be at your
 “ house at four.—Passion like mine is
 “ a stranger to punctilio !”

I was greatly distressed at the receipt of this note ; and must confess, that it awakened in me every tender recollection of our former intimacy, and gave me infinite uneasiness. I knew it would be impossible to avoid seeing *Amelia*, and therefore returned an answer, that I should wait her commands. *Maria* ardently pressed me to shun this interview. I had been inconstant to *Amelia* ;—*Maria* therefore had great reason to tremble for herself. It was not, therefore, without many assurances

assurances of unshaken fidelity, that I at length calmed a little the agitation of her mind. I begged her to be absent, as her presence would but increase the confusion of the approaching scene. *Maria* obeyed: with the appointed hour *Amelia* arrived. I could perceive her pride was deeply wounded, yet even from that her native dignity received a peculiar grace; and an assumed air of tranquility with which she entered the room, gave an additional majesty to her appearance.—She politely welcomed me to England, expressed great concern at my misfortune in being wounded.—With a deep sigh, and the most tender look, “ Indeed, said she, Mr. *Philips*, I felt it :—Heaven knows how chearfully I would have endured your pain, if it could have given you ease. Pardon me, Mr. *Philips*, for the wildness of my passion this morning.

morning.—I have reasoned myself into a sufficient serenity of temper to expostulate with you coolly a few minutes : and then, Sir, if you are still averse to my wishes, I will never more break in upon your pleasures :—But such an ungrateful return for all that a doating heart could bestow—virtue, honour, fortune—sharpens the pangs of shame; and whilst my love hurries me on to attempt every thing that might serve to realize the hopes of a bleeding heart, reason condemns my sollicitude as vile and abject.—A mind that could not for a few months, a few short months, feed itself on the bare recollection of such luxurious pleasures as we enjoyed, is too mean to merit a return of that excess of bliss.—In one so young, to meet so great a hypocrite! —to know that the sincerity of my vows, that the ardour of my passion,

was

was returned by a feigned careſs only ! for feigned it muſt have been in one who could ſo ſoon forget it's object—it is humiliating ; indeed it is—But I muſt bear your insults, Sir ;—I am doomed to be wretched.—Yet, ſir, ſituated as I am in theſe mortifying circumſtances, my wrongs oblige me to require, and intitle me to know, the reaſon why I am thus abuſed.” —To ſee the woman ſupplicating my compaſſion, for whom but a few months before I would have hazarded my life to procure the leaſt addition of happineſs, ſhook my reſolves to the very foundation, and every tender paſſion began to rebel in her favour.—The thoughts of our former happineſs ruſhed on my mind like a torrent, whiſt all that had paſſed between *Maria* and me appeared as a dream, from which I was juſt awakening to new joys

joys with *Amelia*.—Such is the force of beauty, and such the power of love, that nature, left to herself, must submit to their controul.—In vain do honour or principle plead for a hearing, when passion has the dominion; for then every faculty of the soul is absorbed, and entirely lost, in the idea of enjoyment.—Accordingly, the tears of *Amelia* had by that time blotted from my memory the impression made by *Maria's* assiduity and affection, and all my protestations to her were just dissolving into air.—I had almost yielded to the persuasive eloquence of the pearly drops which trickled from *Amelia's* eyes, and was on the point of swearing to her eternal fidelity, when *Maria* entered the room.—As the tracks made on the sand of the sea shore are wholly obliterated by the returning tide, so were all the impressions

sions made on my heart by *Amelia* instantly expunged by the presence of *Maria*. I flew to her, as it were involuntarily, and, wrapt in her embrace, exclaimed, fortune, I defy thee; thou, *Maria*, art the mistress of my soul, in thee my happiness is centered, and to thee I dedicate my future life!

Amelia, enraged at so unexpected a change, looked on me with the most expressive contempt, and cried out, that a mind so unsteady in it's purpose, so liable to be shaken by the sudden starts of passion, was beneath her attention.—Her eyes, however, glared with rage, and having, with the bitterest imprecations, invoked every power to revenge her cause, and shower curses on my head, she flew to the door, and bidding me beware the vengeance of an injured woman, entered her

her carriage, and ordered it immediately away. Two days, however, elapsed without my ever hearing of her : on the third, it being my usual custom in the morning to take the air on horseback, I discovered her, galloping towards me. When she came up, she made her horse keep pace with mine.—Villain, deliberate villain, said she, is it not enough that you have triumphed over *Amelia* ; but you must make her a witness to your fondness for the strumpet, who has supplanted her in your affection ! 'Tis, no doubt, just, very just, that my passion should be treated with such contempt.—O, foolish heart, complain not of disdain—thou meritest every pang that torments thee ; and to thine own folly alone thou art the devoted sacrifice.—Knewest thou not the ingratitude of man ! knewest thou
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not, that when thou hadst given thy all, he would abandon thee;—that when he had despoiled thee of thy virtue, rioted in thy sweets, robbed thee of thy honour, all would not satisfy his desires, without exposing thee to the world by his contemptuous neglect. Tell me, Mr. Philips, wherein I have merited such unworthy treatment. Think how often you have vowed, no power should ever estrange your affections from me.—Think on the million of oaths you have sworn.—Think on the punishment that awaits your perjury, and dread the justice of heaven. Fain would I hope that an overheated imagination has supplanted me in your esteem; that it is the ardour of your youth which has precipitated you into connections you now despise, and that you will speedily restore to me that ten-

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derness which I so dearly purchased, and upon which I alone ought to have the sole claim.—Vain, I indeed fear, are my hopes.—The more I plead for a return of your affection, the more, no doubt, you will despise me for my sollicitude to regain it.—Dull speculatists, who love in theory alone, may pass their rigid censure upon me :—they feel not the animating spark which lights to action the soul of love ;—which kindles in the breast the flame of fierce desire ;—which hurries through the veins the rapid tide.—But wherefore should I expostulate ?—What, alas, can words avail, to soften a determined mind !

All that I shall add will be, if you have resolution enough to do an act of justice, and to restore me to the esteem of the world—Here she paused.—

I then

I then calmly told her my story, and concluded it with saying,—that as I never supposed myself under any matrimonial obligation to her, I deemed myself at liberty to pursue my own inclination : yet had it not been for the interposition of some very extraordinary events, I should have rejoiced in the happiness of being connected with her in the strongest and the closest manner ; but that being bound by the double tie of love and gratitude to *Maria*, which had given her such an interest in my heart, no consideration could prevail on me to break it ; that, therefore, whilst I had existence, I never would abandon or forsake her.

On this declaration, *Amelia*, mad as the priestess of the Delphic God, when enthusiastic spirit swelled her breast—drew out of her pocket a

small pistol, and immediately fired it at me; uttering at the same time something which her passion rendered inarticulate.—Her horse took fright at the report, and threw her: by the fall, she broke her leg.—This accident fortunately happening near a very good inn, she was conveyed to it; but though all imaginable care was taken of her, the violence of her temper threw her into a fever which was very near proving fatal. You must needs suppose that I was strangely affected at so extraordinary an attempt: therefore, to contribute as much as possible to the ease of her mind, I determined once more to leave my native country. But the intimacy of my connection with *Maria* made it impossible for her to travel, and whilst we were waiting for a change in her condition, *Amelia* in some degree recovered,

covered, and wrote me the following billet :

“ S I R,

“ My affection for you, made me, I must own, forget myself.—Providence vouchsafed to interfere, to avert the execution of my design, and to chastise me for the impious attempt. I have no other return to make, but to give you the fullest assurances that I shall cease to persecute you,—that I feel the most poignant contrition for my past conduct, and that I wish you happy.—I have formed a resolution to quit this country and abandon society.—This I shall execute.—When the hand that writes this is mouldered into dust, and when the spirit that dictates it is sunk

into its original nothing, forget not that there was a woman who renounced the most flattering prospects, in the fond hope of changing the name of *Amelia* ——— to that of *Amelia Phillips*.

FAREWEL FOR EVER.”

A few days after the receipt of this note, *Maria* made me the father of a lovely boy.

In this chain of my adventures, you must not expect, *Frederic*! that every link should be joined by virtue.—Our wanting the sanction of ceremony proved no impediment to our happiness. No addition could have been made to it by the most scrupulous observance of every religious law.—Per-
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haps there never existed between two persons a truer affection ; nor indeed does a series of events often happen, as in our case, sufficient to determine to one centre every human passion.— I had not a wish whose ultimate object was not an addition to *Maria's* happiness ; and it would be doing her great injustice to conceal, that she was no less anxious in her endeavours to promote mine.—In so delightful an intercourse, therefore, the little impediments which *Amelia* threw in our way, seemed only to give a higher zest to our felicity.—I was indeed truly happy.—But it is the lot of mortals, more or less to taste the cup of affliction.—I soon drank its bitterest draught.—*Maria* died.—Want of proper attention to herself, in her late critical situation, brought on a fever, which baffled every power of art.

You may more easily conceive, than I can recite, my anguish at the loss of *Maria*. For some time I gave myself up a prey to grief : but the tender perseverance of my friends roused me at last from the melancholy state I was in, and led me back into society : by degrees the conversation of my old companions abated the corrosive reflections that preyed on my mind, and in time I grew a little chearful. To perfect my cure, I entered deep into the spirit of dissipation.—It is true, it had the desired effect ; it totally banished recollection : but, on the other hand, it cost me my whole fortune, and endangered the loss of all my dearest connections.—I had lived in such a round of extravagance, particularly play, that I saw myself reduced to the last guinea of my patrimony.—My own relations would no longer support me :—

me:—they would not even deign to see me.—My pay became my only resource.—I therefore determined immediately to join my regiment.—I applied to many of my acquaintance, who were indebted for some former pecuniary obligations, for a sum to answer my most pressing necessities:—but my poverty being known, of whomsoever I requested, I was sure to be chagrined with the meanness of some trifling excuse:—And indeed, whoever solicits the generosity of the public, or of individuals, in such a situation, may be sure of meeting with the same disappointments:—for, according to the reigning system of the present times, there can be no greater crime than poverty:—even the very suspicion of it in a man, will induce the rest of the world to shun him like a pestilence. Amongst my most serious acquaintance,

acquaintance, there was one Mr. Sherwood, who, being extremely intimate with my family, was no stranger to my wants, and he generously supplied them. With his assistance I prepared for my departure ; but a few days before it, I received an embassy from *Amelia*.——Seeing me now disengaged, and abandoned by all mankind, she again urged her plea to my person.——She chose for her solicitor Mr. *March*, a relation of her own, and one with whom I had formerly lived in the highest degree of friendship.——He dwelt much on my present disagreeable circumstances, and on the *eclat* with which I might emerge from poverty by the enjoyment of her fortune.——Besides, it was what I owed to justice.——I acknowledged the splendor of the temptation ; but still I could not prevail on myself to
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submit to receive so great an obligation.—Whatever *Amelia* might have once a right to demand of me in point of justice, the attempt she had made on my life, must be deemed sufficient to have cancelled that claim.—I had conceived some hopes from the last letter she honoured me with, that there had been a total period to solicitation or correspondence.—The chief effect this message had on me, was to hasten my departure:—And being permitted, through the intercession of Mr. *Sherwood*, to take leave of my relations, I left the kingdom in some degree reconciled to them.

Nothing material happened in the part of the army which I served, during the first campaign, after my return to my colours. When our winter quarters were assigned us, I procured

cured leave to visit England again, and arrived there in January 1761. There had been a little skirmish in gaining a place assigned to some of the troops ; and though I was not in the action, in the return of the killed and wounded, my name was inserted in the former ; which being authenticated by the Gazette, my family concluded me dead, and, as usual, put on the dress which custom required.

Ignorant myself of this affair, my first visit after my arrival was to my mother. The doors of the house being open, and no servant in the way, I announced my own arrival when the family were assembled at supper.—You may imagine the confusion my presence created.—Your own sensibility will better picture to you the operations of the passions in a mother and sisters,

sisters, on such an occasion, than any words of mine can describe.—Mr. *Sherwood* and his daughter, who were present, being less interested, had recollection enough to exert themselves in a manner suitable to the occasion; and having in a short time convinced my mother and sisters that I was no ghost, but that I really existed, we concluded the evening with a joy I had been unacquainted with for some time.

The hurry of passion began now to subside, and reason in her turn ascended the throne.—A kind of tranquillity I had been unused to since my first entering into life, succeeded to dissipation and debauch. I could now enjoy the rational pleasures of society, and abhorred myself for the time I had wasted in luxury and riot, which had
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very near totally robbed me of the confidence of mankind.—I shuddered, when I found my reputation had been tottering on the brink of inevitable ruin ; and determined to pursue such a conduct as might effectually re-instate me in the good opinion of the world:—But I knew not, that in the prosecution of this resolution I should have to struggle with every odious passion that can disgrace the human heart.—I thought it as easy to regain the paths of virtue, as it was to deviate from them ; to recover esteem, as to lose it.—I was yet a stranger to the vicious disposition of the soul. Unacquainted with the active spirit of envy, and the rage of detraction, I trusted that the natural goodness of the human heart would exult in seeing me return to the circle of valuable society, and that, by their protection, I should be

be encouraged to persist in my resolution.—I was mistaken.—When I entered an assembly, a whisper was instantly circulated, and I scarcely ever received from any woman of virtue the smallest return of civility.—The men were less scrupulous.—There is a certain decency necessary to prevent disagreeable consequences.—I was treated with complaisance, yet I could readily perceive, that it did not proceed from any sense of desert in me.

In this disagreeable situation I remained till I again joined my regiment : yet I had the pleasure to observe certain appearances of returning affection in those of my own family, and that Mr. *Sherwood* had entirely resumed his former friendship for me.—This was not all in my plan of reformation ;

mation: I had included a resolution to marry the first amiable woman who should think me worthy of her esteem. The lovely *Rosetta Sherwood*, the daughter of my friend, possessed every accomplishment that could subdue the heart of man.—My assiduity to please her was not unnoticed, and I received her father's sanction to my addresses.—At this time the necessity of his affairs required his presence in Jamaica, where the principal part of his fortune lay; but by his trusting too much to his steward, it had been daily on the decline.—Mr. *Sherwood* left the country, and returned with his daughter to London, from whence, leaving her under the protection of Mr. *Warren*, his most intimate friend, he embarked for Jamaica.—For my part, elated with the flattering appearance my affairs now began to wear, I returned

turned to the duty of my employment; till peace, by putting an end to the rapid glory of the British arms, once more restored me to England. On the wings of love I flew from the packet to Mr. *Warren's*.—*Rosetta* was not altered :—but an accident had happened, which almost entirely blasted my fond hopes.—*Rosetta's* father died in Jamaica, and that insolvent, according to his steward's accounts. *Rosetta* was by this misfortune wholly left to the protection of Mr. *Warren*; but as he was equally rich and good, she found herself in full possession of all that affluence can command.—Still the consciousness of her own circumstances embittered the enjoyment of his generosity.—The delicate feelings of a sensible mind, at the thought of continually receiving benefits without the least distant hope of ever pos-

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fessing the means of making a suitable return, are not to be described.—*Rosetta* had been brought up in the reasonable expectation of a large fortune: she was now dependent even for her daily bread.—She had sufficient acquaintance with the world, to know the value of riches: she knew from observation, that esteem, friendship, love, were the attendants on wealth, while those who were endued with every virtue that should endear them to society, passed by unheeded, if they had not riches to recommend them to notice. She knew the mercenary disposition of mankind, and how few were those real votaries at the shrine of love, who generously offer up their vows free from the alloy of pecuniary expectation.—She had bestowed on me her heart:—She had lively apprehensions that I might prove
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too like others whom she had observed. Suspecting her fears, I hastened to her, offered her my little all, with the warmest assurances of esteem, of affection, of love.—In the course of a sweet conversation, such as lovers alone can know, I dissipated her doubts, and we mutually exchanged the tenderest vows of eternal fidelity.—Now, at length, Frederic! there appeared no visible impediment to our happiness. I had laboured under the displeasure of my friends from some former indiscretions; but a better conduct was on the point of reinstating me in their good opinion.—This accomplished, I could then enjoy the inexpressible pleasure of convincing *Rosetta* that my regard for her was equal to my professions.—But this bright prospect was soon clouded.—Immediately on my leaving *Rosetta*, Mr. *Warren* desired a

conference with her. My dear *Rosetta*, said he, by your superior sense, your uncommon discretion, and the extreme sensibility of your mind, you have so insinuated yourself into my very soul, that I feel the same affectionate sentiments for you as if you were my own child. Independent of these motives, you are the child of my friend. This alone would secure to you my most strenuous protection. I now consider you in the nearest relation that can be formed by the bonds of nature. I should, therefore, be very much wanting in my duty, were I to conceal from you any sentiments that I thought could add ever so little to your happiness.—Sir, the many obligations—You owe me none.—*Rosetta*, I beseech you not to think I mean to usurp an authority over you.—An unbounded confidence is the surest means of continuing

inuing our happiness.—I will explain myself.—My friend, your father, permitted *Captain Philips* to stand a candidate for your good opinion ; nay, I believe he recommended him to your esteem : —nevertheless, I cannot avoid wishing you to transfer your affections to some worthier object.—My fortune, *Rose*,—you may command :—my request arises from the warmest desire of seeing you happy : —happy, as the wife of a man of integrity and honour.—I shall not presume to direct your choice :—be that the task of your own virtue and discretion.—My request is not the effect of whim.—When I tell you it regards *Captain Philips*, you will say, I have always approved him, that he is a man of your father's recommending.—It is impossible, Sir, to disown my attachment to *Captain Philips*.— I

was taught to look upon him as a man of principle, and even to admire him.—A certain *naïveté* and sprightliness, tempered with judgment, gained him an ascendancy over my heart, which soon changed into love:—I cannot disavow my passion. I revere you, Sir, as another father, and would oblige you, were it possible.—My love had for it's foundation reason, and an equality of age promised the full enjoyment of every happiness.—Flattered with so pleasing a prospect, there wanted no other motive to make me yield to the solicitations of the only man I ever loved, and to assure him of my unalterable attachment. To eradicate an affection of this sort, Sir, I believe impossible: the force of reason, and necessity, may in some degree subdue the passions; but the original spark will always remain to keep the flame unquenchable.

unquenchable.—It cannot surely, Sir, be improper that *Captain Philips* should be apprized of your desire.—You are now my generous benefactor,—my father ;—I will struggle to obey you.—If I can ever bring my heart to be obedient to your wishes, I will root him from my memory :—If not, I will not marry him without your approbation.—Yet, whilst I am making this declaration, it would be injulice in me to omit informing you, that he has made so deep an impression on my heart, that it is impossible he should be succeeded by any other. Although some part of his conduct, Sir, has been once exceptionable, the visible alteration in it, confirmed by the returning favour of his friends, gives me hopes that you will not altogether think him unworthy my choice. It was upon these

grounds my father recommended him to me.

My dear *Rose*! I must confess the force of these reasons:—desire Mr. *Philips* to be here this evening:—my sole aim is your happiness.—God grant he may approve himself worthy so great a treasure!—*Rosetta*, I must abroad; inform *Captain Philips* that I wish to see him.

Towards the evening I called at Mr. *Warren's*: *Rosetta* was alone.—I soon discovered by her countenance and manner, that all was not as it should be.—I endeavoured to bring her to a free conversation, as usual.—There seemed to be something labouring in her breast, too big for utterance. I pressed her with the utmost fervency to make
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me acquainted with the cause of it.—She made an effort to speak:—she could not—but then she looked unutterable things.—At length, her tears started from her lovely eyes, and unloosed her tongue.—Mr. *Philips*, said she, we must, we must part. Part, *Rosetta*!—No power on earth shall ever separate us;—our hearts are entwined in each other:—who dares to urge a separation?—Can you, *Rosetta*, can you, without distraction, think—Mr. *Warren* has requested;—he will explain himself to you:—he desires your company this evening: much will depend on your own conduct.—I must beg leave to retire, indeed I must;—but if it will be any consolation to you in the present conflict to be assured of *Rosetta*'s esteem, know that it is unalterably your's.—Generous *Rosetta*!—she retired.——I was left a few

few minutes to my own reflection, when Mr. *Warren* entered the room. —My embarrassment was visible : we were soon seated :—he then addressed me in the following manner :

“ Whilst Mr. *Sherwood* was living, Mr. *Philips*, his partiality in your favour induced me to treat you with every civility in my power.—You cannot justly charge me with the least want of respect.—By the unhappy death of our friend, the care of what was dearest to him providence has entrusted to me.—Nothing would so much contribute to my own felicity, as to see *Rosetta* happy.—I am conscious that your addressee had the sanction of Mr. *Sherwood*, but as the ideas of my friend and mine were different on the fashionable follies of the world, our conclusions on these subjects could
not

not be the same ;—and I must beg you will excuse me, Sir, when I tell you, your profession alone is an unformountable objection.—Your acquaintance with what is called the *bon ton*, your fashionable affectation to despise the blush of modesty, the sobriety of innocent chearfulness, the fervency of religion, and your having abandoned yourself to the unlawful enjoyment of women, all afford strong arguments against the merit of your pretensions. I have not the least personal dislike to you, Sir :—my objections arise merely from my affection to *Rosetta*.—I know you possess the seeds of virtue ; and if they have not produced in you the proper fruit, it is because the culture of them has been neglected.—I likewise believe you are endeavouring to root out those weeds that would disgrace the fairest garden.—Persevere in
the

the task, and deserve *Rosetta*.—Heaven knows I would not force her inclinations.—You are the object of her esteem:—merit the possession of so invaluable a treasure, and my fortune shall not be wanting to promote your happiness.—Religion, my friend, is the first of the great bonds that cement society:—reverence it's holy dictates:—you will then tremble at vice, and enjoy the practice of every social virtue.—It is this will recommend you to the estimation of the world, to *Rosetta*, to myself.—It will give you serenity of mind, cheerfulness of disposition, and benevolence of heart to relieve the anguish of distress.—Was this truth ever discovered in a midnight brothel?—I shall say no more, provided you have resolution enough to persevere in your endeavours.—I have pointed out the path,—you know
my

my sentiments, you now know how to gain my assent.”—

You may be sure, Frederic, that I made a proper reply.—Mr. *Warren* was pleased, and I was permitted to sup with him and *Rosetta*.—Elated with the happy appearance of my affairs, I was returning home with the most chearful reflections, when I was stopped in the street by three ruffians, one of whom said I was his prisoner—I knocked him down, and exerted myself to get out of the hands of the two others; but I was soon surrounded by such a number as made resistance vain; I was then conducted to the Round-house.—Here I was informed, that I was in the custody of bailiffs for a debt of seven hundred pounds, a sum I had borrowed of an usurer to assist me in the purchase of my company. It being

ing late, it was in vain to think of any thing but submitting to my fate for that night. Early in the morning I dispatched a messenger with letters to solicit assistance to gain my release.—It was with the utmost impatience I waited for an answer:—no answer arrived.—Night approaching, I wrote to Mr. *Warren*, to *Rosetta*;—but not a word from either.—Grief, apprehension, and rage, made me frantic.—I desired to be removed to a place the law prescribes for debtors—No; I had committed an assault, there I must remain till cleared by justice.—A dog is obeyed in office: I therefore calmly submitted for that night to the imposition I began to suspect they were practising. About three in the morning, as I lay slumbering on a bench, I was roused by a confused noise of many voices. At length a gentleman was conducted

conducted into the Round-house.—He had been elegantly dressed, but his clothes were now so dirty and torn, and even his face so besmeared, that his figure altogether was perfectly grotesque.—My curiosity being awakened, I advanced to enquire the cause of such confusion,——A watchman informed me, that the gentleman they had brought in was no stranger at that place ;—that he had often amused himself with breaking lamps and lanterns, and beating watchmen ; however he always *behaved like a gentleman*; it was a pleasure to them to see his honour ;—but that this time he had been rather a little too refractory, and had killed a watchman.—On farther enquiry, however, I found the watchman was only wounded : then advancing towards the gentleman, to hear his story from himself, who should he be

but *March*, the late Ambassador from *Amelia*.—He had been gambling and drinking, and fortune having favoured him, he must needs dedicate a few hours to *Bacchus*. His pockets were full of money; and his head of wine.—From these circumstances he appeared a proper object of attention to those nocturnal guardians of the peace.—In a short time there came an account, that though the watchman was not dead, his wound was apprehended by the surgeon who examined it to be mortal: but this report gave Mr. *March* no great uneasiness; he was confident that it could only be a slight scratch, and that he should be released in the morning. He then entered into the true spirit of the place. A girl who lived in the house, with some others, whose vices or misfortunes had gained them admittance there, were invited to drink
with

with his honour.—I made one of the company. On the girl of the house, nature had bestowed a fine person, and an amazing fund of wit: but here they were both prostituted to every infamous purpose. With a pleasing voice she sung the following song, adapted to the vicinity of her dwelling.

I.

From Oxford and Cambridge the youths flock to town,
Forfake their dull books and distinguishing gown;
Their college so formal for tavern they quit,
And dull tutorsexchange for an am'rous tit.

II.

Each 'Squire from country to the garden repairs,
Fatigued with the chase of his foxes and hares,
Far other guests sport is intent now to prove,
Hark forward—and rush to the covert of love.

III.

From battles well fought, the fierce soldier arrives,
Stern Mars he forsakes, and to Venus he drives;

M

To

To yield him new joys, love and Charlotte prepare,
He forgets in her arms the fatigues of the war.

IV.

Each cit, and each templar, my lord and his grace,
Hie thither and enter the joys of the place :
For women and wine all distinctions remove,
Here all share in common the pleasures of love,

V.

But Bacchus full often that jolliest of blades,
The rites of fair Venus most sily invades ;
While mirth and gay song their full bumpers approve,
Their nerves it unstrings and enfeebles their love.

VI.

Then gorged with vile claret, from Tompkins they reel,
They brandish their cudgels and lug forth their steel ;
Wisely resolving no longer to tarry,
But bravely in search of adventures to fall.

VII.

By riot conducted, they boldly destroy
The slumbers of care, and the lovers soft joy ;
Till in form of a watchman, fair order attends,
And brings them in triumph to us their old friends.

The

The morning now advanced a-pace, and a little sleep having restored *March* to his recollection, he asked me by what means I became a prisoner.—I related it.—Forgive me, said he, *Philips* ! I am perhaps the cause of your imprisonment ;—the undesigning cause. *Amelia* knew of the affair of the seven hundred pounds, desired me to take up your bond with an intention she assured me, of presenting you with it, as some sort of reparation for the injurious treatment she had on many occasions given you. But perhaps she meant only to make me an instrument of her revenge.—It must be so.—Is it possible her resentment should never subside !—she must be at the bottom of all this.—But I have money enough to release you, and then you may do me a more effectual service.—I clearly see that these honest

gentlemen want only to impose on me : the affair will be soon decided,——I must go before the justice, and then we shall be able to form a better opinion.——But pray, what measures have you pursued to procure your own discharge?—I cannot, said I, get an answer to a single letter.—*Amelia* still ! what can she mean ? is it to destroy your present hope with *Rosetta Sherwood*?—Does she think to break your connections by a stratagem so vile ! Mr. *Warren* is intimately acquainted with your circumstances.—You cannot be injured in his opinion by so weak a device :—but fly this place. If I am released, you shall hear of me ; if not, return as soon as possible.—He then gave me his pocket book, from the contents of which I paid my debt, and submitted to an imposition of twenty guineas as a satisfaction

satisfaction for the pretended assault.—
March was conducted before a justice.
 —I flew to Mr. *Warren's* :—He appeared cold and received me with an air of great indifference.—I asked for *Rosetta*.—She chose to retire into the country to avoid any farther insults from Mr. *Philips*.—Insults, Sir, insults—hear me, I beseech you, hear me instantly.—I approved her resolution ; I would wish to preserve an uniformity in my conduct ; I think we have been guided by reason :—read this letter, Sir.—

“ Though this letter be anonymous, be not less attentive to its contents. The writer honours Mr. *Warren* ;—loves his fair charge *Rosetta*,—and wishes to preserve them from misery. A villain is now paying his addresses to the loveliest of her sex.—A villain

who is already married.—He had exhausted his wiles to accomplish his infamous purposes on a servant of mine ; —but not being able to subdue her virtue, he married her.—Sated by enjoyment, he conveyed her to France, where she now languishes on a small stipend he remits.—A slight search will unravel this affair : an application to the register of ——— will confirm what has been asserted. May the hint be useful !—”

Mr. *Philips*, I have examined the register. I find the above marriage there recorded, and the circumstances above related have been confirmed to me by the clergyman of the parish, who indeed did not marry the couple himself, but had the whole from a lady, of whose honour and veracity he has the highest opinion, and
who

who informed him, that you were the identical Mr. *Philips* recorded in the register. After this proof, Sir, you must forgive me if I request that you will not, on any pretence, ever more speak to *Rosetta Sherwood*.—

When innocence receives a shock like this, the emotions produced by it are often such as might be taken for the confusion of guilt. I was so thunder-struck, that I had not recollection enough to reply, and my silence produced in Mr. *Warren* a full conviction that I had nothing to say in my defence.—He therefore desired me to withdraw, and was himself retiring.—I seized him by the arm, and beseeched him to hear me.—Answer me one question Mr. *Warren*.—Have you received any letter from me since I last saw you?—I have not.—When did the anonymous letter come to your

H 4 hands?—

hands?—The morning after I saw you.—Let me, Sir, intreat your patience for a few moments.—I am not married.—I have been suffering under the hand of persecution :—I wrote to you for your friendly assistance ;—my letter, I find, was not delivered.—

I then related what had happened.—The person, added I, who could commit this outrage, would certainly not scruple the putting in execution any other plan that malice might suggest. Why, therefore, may not *Amelia* be the writer of the letter in question?—Mr. *Warren* was all attention : he declared that my innocence would make him very happy, as the appearance of my being guilty had ruined the peace of *Rosetta* :—that could I but clear myself from this foul aspersion, he would urge

I his

his interest with *Rosetta* for the appointment of some early day.—

In the mean time *March* had been released by the justices, as on examination the watchman was found not to have received any injury ; and he immediately commenced a prosecution against the surgeon who had endeavoured to make a property of him. He then came to Mr. *Warren's*, and confirmed the whole of what I had already urged in my defence. We then proceeded to make proper enquiries about the letter, and discovered that *Amelia* was indeed the authoress of it.—But her flimsy schemes for my destruction, served only to hasten the accomplishment of my wishes : whilst she, overwhelmed with shame, immediately embarked for France, where she now remains.

Mr.

Mr. *Warren* was as good as his word ; he prevailed on *Rosetta* to fix the day :—I was made happy.—To his generosity we owe much ;—to providence all.—The circumstances of Mr. *Sherwood* were soon after discovered to be far from what they had been represented.—Remorse seized on the person who had embezeled great part of his fortune, and he accordingly at his death left it to *Rosetta*.—A great part has been already recovered, the remainder Mr. *Warren* is endeavouring to secure.—I am now the happiest, and, I hope, not the most ungrateful of men.—Immediately after our marriage, we determined to quit the hurry of the world. I had purchased my Commission :—I sold it.—Nevertheless, at the first requisition, I am willing to serve my country by every means

means in my power.—*Philips* then prevailed on me to accompany him to his mansion, where, he said, he flattered himself, that when I had observed the content and chearfulness of a domestic life, that it would make some impression on me ;—perhaps such as might engage me to alter my condition ;—and, added he, be assured from the experience of a friend, that the married state is capable of affording more real happiness, than any other condition of human life.

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

To ———, at Michilimackinack.

FROM the little sketch I sent you of our friend *Philips's* adventures, we may gather much instruction.—We may learn to shun those evils which are too often the consequence of that precipitation which young men are apt to hurry into with the other sex. A little reflection will teach us to avoid them ; for happiness can never be the attendant of vice. The intimacy between *Philips* and *Amelia* at first had no other object but the gratification of their passions : therefore *Philips* made no scruple of again indulging his, with the first object that presented itself :——gratitude, indeed, might have
some

some share in creating an affection for *Maria*.—*Amelia* is a lesson to our pretty country-women, not to be hastily too kind.—Men are interested and ungrateful : they too often have but one point in view.—When they have cropped the fair rose, they throw it away like a loathsome weed.—The conduct of Mr. *Warren* is worthy imitation. Friendly, generous, and noble.—The steadiness of *Rosetta* had no doubt been more brilliant, if exerted in behalf of a more virtuous object.—It is hazardous, notwithstanding the general proverb, to marry a libertine. Yet *Philips's* conduct supports the truth of it.—His present manner of living has blotted out all his former irregularities. He and *Rosetta* are beyond description happy ; an ornament to human nature, and an example to the whole country.—Never did I see such benevolence:

benevolence. A frugal table, and œconomy in every other department of their domestic affairs, supplies them with the means of alleviating the distress of others. None ever enter the gates of their hospitable dwelling, however miserable they may be, but quit it in some measure eased of their afflictions.

In this happy mansion of our friend I have now been six weeks, enjoying social bliss; and I propose remaining about one month longer.—Then I shall return to the deep woods with which you are surrounded.

I hope our friend's narrative will please you: nothing having happened to myself worthy attention. My days, ever since my arrival in England, have been one continued blank.—No earthly

ly spot can yield me so much felicity, as that which I reluctantly quitted ; though at so great a distance from my native country. I find myself unfit to live in the busy world. My habits and ideas by no means correspond with polite life. I feel contentment only when I am engaged in the duties of my profession. I consider my company as my family. Therefore you need not be surprized at my intention of hastening back to it.—God bless you ! may our meeting be happy !—

ADIEU:

London, Nov.

13, 1765.

T H E E N D.

ERRATA.

Page 6, for *Feb. 12*—read *Jan. 12*.

To the last line of Page 15, add *pieces*.



